

Free
1697

A N
A N S W E R
T O T H E
S A T Y R
Upon the *French* KING.

W H Y all this Rage, *Jack*? Whence this sad difaster?
What makes thee thus abuse thy Royal Master!
Why all this Passion for *Italian Molly*,
That thou could'st wish to *Firk* a Bumm with *Holly*? }
Had'st thou no other way to shew thy Folly?

And is't not monstrous thus to shift thy Sails,
And Ridicule the vertuous *Prince of Wales*?
The feeble *Prop* of *Abdicated Right*;
The *Hope* of each expiring *Jacobite*.

But why the Devil, must the *Turks* and *Tartars*,
Lamented be as *Confessors*, and *Martyrs*?
Is it to let us understand your mind,
And know, to what *Religion* you're inclin'd?
If so, I'll Swear You are the fittest Man
To write a Comment on the *Alcoran*;
For if the *Fable* won't with Reason chime,
You'll make Amends, and Daub it o're in *Rhime*.

Lord! What strange Times must we expect to Come,
When each *Non-juror* turns a *Whipping Tom*?

Faith 'tis high time the *Whiggs* shoud all be jogging:
If once the *Tory Poets* talk of *Flogging*;
Or send their brawny Buttocks to the *Tanners*,
Since *Oates's Pennance* can't Reform their Manners.

Forfake thy *Muse*, *Jack*; take a *School*; 'tis better
To Flogg Boys *Arses*, than pay Scores with Meeter.
As once you in a merry Frolick told one,
A young *Bum-fiddle's* better than an old one.

Then, stead of *Tythe-Piggs*, *Quarter Pay* comes in,
To furnish out your now dismantled *Chin*.

By help of this you may Restore your Nose,
Retrieve your *Pimples*, and Repair your Cloaths,
Know where to *Dine* when your Intestines croke,
And not be forc'd to Stuff your Gutts with Smoke;
Constrained no more, by Nodding and by Beckening,
To Intimate the *Bar* must Score the Reckoning;

Have always ready Coin your *Club* to pay:
And *Sheppard* will Rejoice to see the day,
When he no more shall count his Summs on Tick,
Nor you complain that *Publick Faith* is sick.
Then, take a *Friend's* Advice, and Change betimes
To *Penitential Prose* your *Mungrel Rhimes*.

WILLIAM and *LEWIS* mount a nobler Pitch,
Than your enfeebled *Malice* e're can reach.

The glorious Beams of their *concentring Light*,
Contracts your *Power*, and Disdains your *Spite*.

Your Haggard *Muse* has chose a Theme too high:
The Eagle's not a *Quarry* for the Fly.